



To each Gentleman-Soldier in the Company of the
Worshipful James Boddington, Lieutenant-Colonel
of the Green Regiment of Trained Bands.

AS mighty Heroes, whose great Deeds & Name
By Foreign Acts proclaim perpetual Fame;
So yours no less magnanimous appear,
At each Alarm, to guard the Nation here:
Witness of late, when Ruffians did combine
Together in a barbarous Design
Of murd'ring Great King *William*, Europe's Joy,
And all his Loyal Subjects to destroy;
Then did the Valiant *Green*, like early Spring,
First take up Arms (to save their Gracious King
From th' Hands of those blood-thirsty Traitors who
Design'd at once three Kingdoms to undo:)
With Zeal so great, as if 'twere your Intent,
To fight all with your single Regiment.
For which brave Act, the *Green* deserve to be
In Fame's Record to all Posterity.

Nor did you only lead the *Van* this Year,
But, in your Post, likewise brought up the *Rear*;
Which amply shews, the *Green* are thought to be
London's chief Bulwark and Security.

Go on, great Sons of *Mars*, to charge your Foes;
None but fool-hardy Soldiers dare oppose
Your valiant matchless Arms, which does amaze
The Stout themselves, the rest with Wonder gaze.
So gallantly accoutred you appear,
And so expert in Conduct, that pale Fear
Your Enemies possess, whilst all the Crowd
Extol your Courage with Applauses loud.

Your Trusty Marshal,
John Brown.

